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TO-MORROW, THE SUBURBAN I

For twenty-one seasons the announcement lined above has thrilled the racegoers who have found themselves in the metropolitan vicinity in June. Established in 1884, the Suburban Handicap is the oldest fixture of its nature on the American turf. About its records cluster some of the most sensational incidents in the race-running of the country. To veteran followers of sporting events the mere mention of the race is sufficient to stir memories of Pontiac, Troubadour, Eurus, Salvator, Loantaka, Lowlander, Ramapo, Gold Heels and others in a long list of equine monarchs. The horse last named, the winner in 1902, is credited with the record for the event up to date, 2:05 1-5.

Gen. Munroe, owned by E. J. McElmeel, won the first Suburban in 2:11 3-4. In 1885, Pierre Lorillard, who had become a unique figure in racing three years earlier by winning the English Derby with an American horse, planned a companion coup—the winning of America's chief racing event with an English horse. He succeeded with Pontiac, who beat Richmond out in a handsome finish in 2:09 1-2. Troubadour, almost unheard of up to the time of his announcement, won the third Suburban in 2:12 1-4 and turned one of the most sensational betting coups in turf history.

As an exhibition of the skillful human handling of trained animal strength and speed, such an event as the Suburban is a superb spectacle. It is what makes racing "the sport of kings"—of kings crowned and uncrowned. The association of the turf with the iniquities of the pool-room is unfortunate. It does not, however, affect the wholesome popular interest in what is best in racing, and it will not prevent a general wish for a favorable day and crowd for to-morrow's great running.

POISON IN CHEAP CANDIES.

In the office of the Deputy State Commissioner of Agriculture is a jar containing a stick of paraffin two inches long, beside which repose four small and apparently harmless cakes covered with chocolate. The paraffin was extracted from similar cakes on which it had been used to coat the chocolate to keep it fresh. The report of the department's chemist states that paraffin to the amount of 8 per cent. has been found in "velvet kisses." Various other cheap candies, which were sold in street stands and stores near school-houses, disclosed traces of oxide of lead and injurious aniline dyes when analyzed by the agents of the department.

These adulterants are all gastric irritants. They become peculiarly harmful in hot weather, when the child's digestion is more easily upset. They are undoubtedly directly responsible for dangerous enteric troubles and contribute largely to the high summer death rate among children.

The department's activity in detecting and suppressing the sale of deadly "sweets," supplementing as it does the work of the Board of Health, deserves great praise. To render it the more effective the offending dealers should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law and an example made of them which will render them loath to risk a second offense.

Jersey Justice.—The conviction of Cannon in Hoboken furnishes another striking example of the certainty of "Jersey Justice." A very nasty case has been handled with discretion, the accused convicted after a brief trial and the law vindicated with expedition and despatch. With a prisoner of relative wealth and social position in New York, would the ends of justice have been so well served with so little obnoxious publicity? Presumably so.

A NEW WATER WAR DECLARED.

It is necessary no longer to turn to Manchuria and Colorado for the war news of the day. There are still other theaters of war. Forty-second street has arisen. In fact, there is a revolt through the whole district bounded by Madison and Fifth avenues, Fifty-ninth street and Second Avenue Central thoroughfare.

It is estimated that there has been a fortnight ago it would have been caused by dirt. To-day, the provocation lies in the water which is not there. It is not possible to say that the citizens in revolt have not a just grievance.

There is water on the ground—which is to say, on the pavement. If residents of the affected district want to go any higher they have to carry it up, for the water-pressure won't. That is the trouble. Big mains and an infinitely smaller lifting capacity. The water is more than one flight of stairs away in the bucket brigade days to work.

A hearing is called for Friday afternoon on behalf of the rebels. It ought to be a rouser. There is no water better worth making a big noise about than the water supply. It is not less important for Forty-second street to war to a finish now than it may be for the whole city to get a stick out for Ramapo later.

Professionalism in College Sports.—The action of the Harvard Athletic Committee in barring the crack pitcher, Clarkson, from further participation in the work of the nine is all the more heroic because it is taken just before the games with Yale. This firm stand against professionalism should accomplish much for the elevation of college athletics.

MECHANICAL BOOTBLACKING.

Machinery has invaded nearly all trades, to their general improvement, but the mechanical "shine" is an innovation which does not promise to exercise an elevating influence. As a labor-saving device it may not be without merit. A hair-brushing machine which appeared in various barber shops some years ago had many points of economy and efficiency in its favor, but never became popular.

Bootblackening, indeed, is an art in which the individuality of the artist must find expression to make the job satisfactory to the customer. One shine may differ from another as a Whistler from a pot boiler. In the hands of the artist truly proficient the same materials may be made to yield results of splendor impossible of attainment to the journeyman. A machine which would reduce all shines to a dull uniformity of mediocrity would lower the standard of bootblackening.

Besides, in the words of one objector, "Machina had on corns," a fatal defect.

Campaign Music.—An "official campaign march," which has been so designated by the National Committee, has up to the standard of such compositions. Yet the tunes to which "the boys" will keep step will crop up from more humble sources, as most popular marching music does.

Here Is the Ideal Girl.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Dear Miss Greeley-Smith:—A girl who has no false teeth, gold teeth, false hair, who is sane and sane there. She must be educated, healthy, neat, athletic, no flirt, sweet, good-looking, of character good, pure, talented, humorous, serious, either blonde or brunette; her age twenty to twenty-five years; weight, 120 to 150 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 to 5 feet 7 inches. M. T.



UPON reading this interesting communication from an Evening World reader one is tempted to echo the much-quoted writer, who, when a customer ordered five out of six enumerated varieties of pie, inquired plaintively concerning the rejected one, "What's the matter with that custard?"

Is there anything this young man does not want? The list of feminine virtues and graces is certainly a pleasing one. And yet a girl might sum them all and not be thoroughly charming. And she might not measure up to a single one of them and yet be a delight to gods and men.

There is a final charm of youth, an elasticity, a buoyancy of mind and body that some exceedingly vital men and women have which is worth all the catalogued charms that poet, artist or sculptor has immortalized, and which, when we come in contact with it, overrides all our preconceived ideals and takes us prisoner.

There is scarcely a young man or woman living who has not a fixed conception of the ideal mate that the world's future has in reserve. And a comparison of these ideals proves that no matter what we are ourselves we are exacting perfection from them.

Is a man small, mean, shriveled, like a frosted apple, in skin and heart? As surely does he dream of a tall, beautiful goddess who will come to him and make him a king. Is a girl plain, poor spirited, anemic, the hero is none the less an all-conquering giant capable of bearing the world upon his shoulders.

Our own mental or physical shortcomings do not tend to make us a whit more merciful to our ideals. Whatever we are ourselves, he or she upon whom in the far future we will design to confer our hand must be a matchless being.

Though a man have not a tooth of his own left, his ideal must display an unbroken row of faultless ivory. Though his baldness cries to heaven, the ideal must have an avalanche of blond or dusky tresses, according as his taste inclines to meridian or midnight splendor.

The Irish servant girl who, when reproached by her mistress because she neglected to sweep under the beds, inquired: "Sure, mum, and did ye expect all the Christian virtues for \$3 a month?" was a greater philosopher than any of us.

Ray in considering our ideals we expect not only all the Christian virtues but all the pagan graces as well. What is the young man's ideal? A strange, unobtainable blending of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, St. Theresa and the end girl in the front row of the latest musical comedy.

What is the average girl's ideal? Is it not a novel mixture of Sir Galahad, Napoleon, Lord Byron and the latest popular preacher?

The young woman described by The Evening World reader at the head of this column would, doubtless, be very charming, but take the single item of no false or gold teeth and how many could be found to fill the description. Or no false hair? Hair is the New York girl's weak point—unless she is of Teutonic or Italian extraction she is not apt to have much. Oh, enough to do up in an impressive tower over the almost universally indispensable "rat" and to look well, certainly. But suppose some enterprising theatrical manager with a taste for novelty were to organize a long-haired ballet—collect girls for their hair alone, and gladden Broadway audience with a display of brown and russet and golden locks, not in braids, for these are easily pinned on, but falling naturally about their shoulders? He would have serious difficulty in finding recruits with the necessary wealth of hair.

Fortunately for the girl, however, all Evening World readers are probably not so fastidious on these points. But each doubtless has some individual requirements in regard to his ideal which would be of general interest.

Will not the young man write to The Evening World of what constitutes the ideal girl, and the young woman read what, in their opinion, the ideal man should be like?

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

BRAIN NEEDED.
Biggs—Upon is rather egotistical, yet he has a powerful brain.
Diggs—Yes; he must have to spend all the thinking he does about himself.—Chicago News.

REHEARSAL DEFINED.
Patrice—What is a dress rehearsal?
Patrice—Why, that is when the ballet have their clothes on.—Yonkers Statesman.

A PERFECT FIZZLE.
"I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?"
No; it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so the men would have to pair off with their own wives.—Chicago Record-Herald.

AND TAKES ALL HIS PAY.
"Does that young Mrs. Blinky support her husband?"
"Support him? You might call it that if you want to. She holds him up every Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AND HE SUCCEEDED.
"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, with outstretched palm, "but 'valet' you forgotten something?"
No," replied the departing guest, "but I'm trying to forget it. Good day!"—Philadelphia Press.

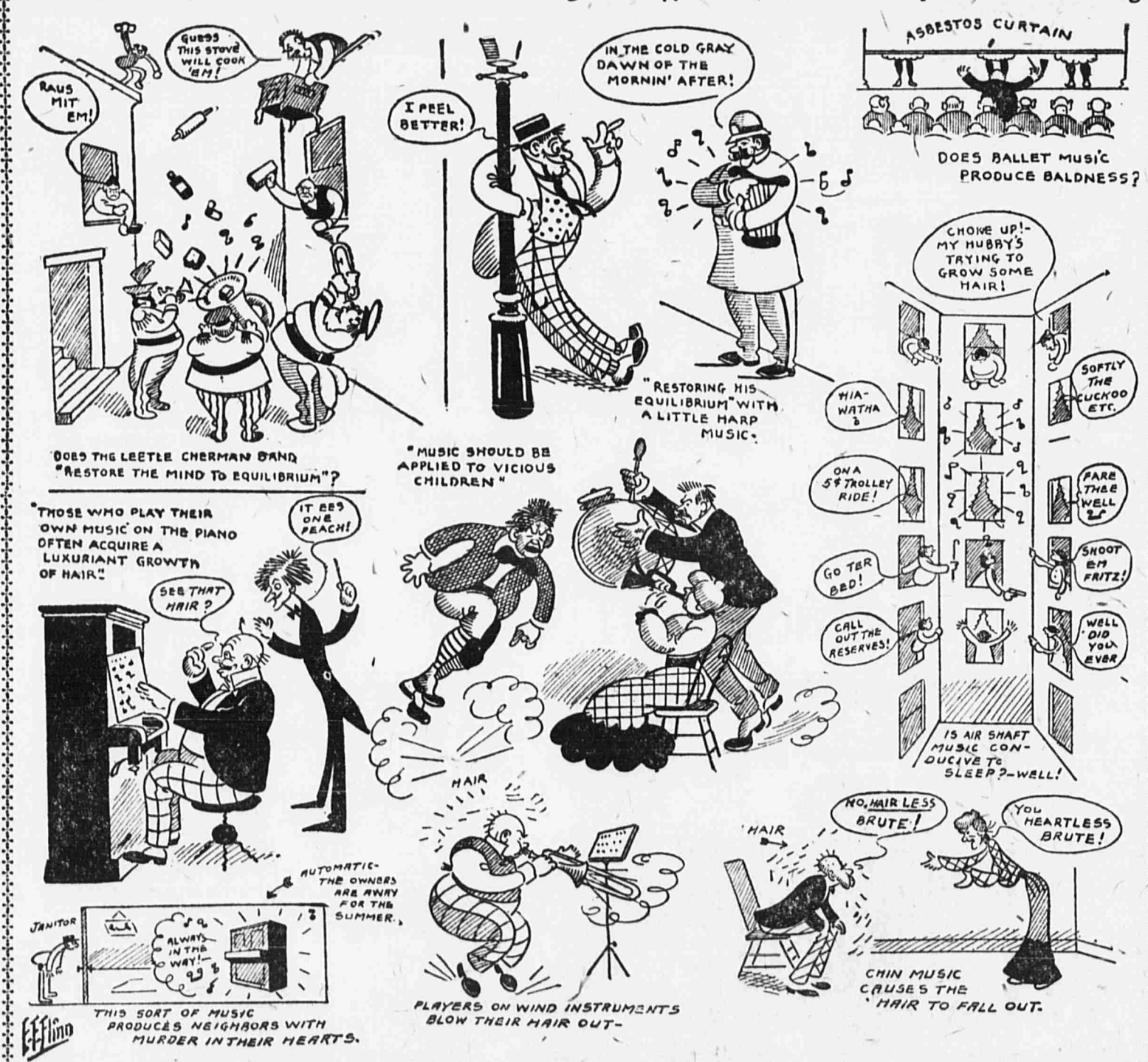
The Great American GOOK. How Do You Like Him?

He Tells a Few Way-Up Sports How to Pick the Handicap Winners.



If You Don't Feel Well Try a Little Music.

It's Good for the Bots, Falling Hair, Appendicitis, Sunburn or Any Form of Mental Fag.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Saturday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did June 8, 1889, fall?
W. H. M.

As to Evolution.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader criticizes the Darwin theory. The fact is that evolution is occurring daily, but so gradual are these changes that it is beyond our range of vision or knowledge to perceive them. Could it not have been possible that the predecessors of the human race were monkeys, that these monkeys had nothing to think of but to eat? But a time came when they had to migrate in search of food and other requisites of life. To supply these wants they had to acquire knowledge. This they did. Thus little by little through privation and want their general anatomy and character changed.
N. C.

To Learn His Age.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am an Englishman, born in London, and am about sixty or seventy years of age, but I would like to find my exact age. How can I find it?
P. H. L.

Write to the clerk of the London parish in which you were born.
Try Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly tell me the name of some not very expensive gymnasium.
A. S.

Which Should He Prefer?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a young lady of twenty-four and have been going with a young man two years. Lately he tells me his mother and sister are first in his heart. Won't readers please decide which should be first in a young man's heart—his intended or his mother and sister?
GUSSET.

City Hall, New York City.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where shall I address a letter to Mayor McClellan?
G. A.

Pronounced "Welsh Rabbit."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the proper way to pronounce "Welsh Rabbit?"
H. W.



By Martin Green.

Why Is the \$9.60 Immigrant Worse than His \$22.50 Brother?

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that the cheap rate from Europe is bringing in a lot of undesirable immigrants."
"Maybe that's what the conservative New Yorkers were saying when our ancestors came over," replied The Man Higher Up. "We are all immigrants, in a sense, except the Indians. If somebody hadn't emigrated from somewhere in Europe years ago you wouldn't have your name on a sign in front of a store."

"You will notice that the hardest screamer against undesirable immigrants is the man whose ancestor came over here with a \$5 bill and a sheepskin shirt, neither of which was changed on the voyage. It is not apparent to me that there is a marked difference between the immigrant who pays \$9.60 for his passage and the immigrant who pays \$22.50, or whatever the regular rate is. Neither of them is likely to have much but ambition on landing. It is not to be expected that immigrants should be afflicted with elephantiasis of the bank-roll."

"There seems to be a general fear that the \$9.60 immigrants are going through our restriction laws like a baseball through a plate-glass window. If there is any reason why an undesirable immigrant is more likely to get in because he paid only \$9.60 for his passage than if he had paid a larger sum I wish somebody would translate it to me. Our laws were passed to be enforced. If they are not enforced it is the fault of the immigration authorities."

"The holler against immigration is not new. It is the same scream that went up when the Irish and German immigrants were coming so fast that timid persons feared the name of New York would be changed to O'York or Yorkblatt. There is the foundation for a lot of good citizens in this bunch that is landing now."

"They tell me," remarked The Cigar Store Man, "that these immigrants never bathe."

"The immigrants haven't got any edge over a lot of people born right in this town in that respect," replies The Man Higher Up.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

IDITORIOL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE
The Reason Why All Our Editions Are So Far Ahead of the Clock. Midnights that Come Earlier Than Mornings. Copyright, 1904, by The Planet Pub. Co.

OFTEN, but always in the middle of the block—Cable cars and automobiles will serve to MAKE YOU stop to think at the intersection of cross streets.
BUT that is another matter.
WB will tell you why the Japs are wide awake people.

It is BECAUSE when it is MIDNIGHT in New York it is 9:45 A. M. in Yokohama.

New Yorkers are at a DISADVANTAGE. This paper proposes to REMEDY this. You NEED NOT write to Mayor McClellan. The Savings Banks need not even redistribute their funds in the order set down in the City Directory.

WE WILL DO IT without assistance in this way. HEREAFTER our 11th EDITION, containing all the news up to 4 P. M., will be issued at 7:32 A. M. Our 13th, or MIDNIGHT edition will issue before any reputable saloon sets out its morning free lunch. ALL OTHER editions will be issued accordingly.

We confidently EXPECT to make the face of a clock look like a Fourth of July PIN-WHEEL to the readers of the EVENING FUDGE.



Census Clippings.

Less than 7 per cent. of the power used in manufacturing plants in the United States is electric.

The population of the Philippines is 6,976,574, and of this number 650,000 belong to wild tribes.
The foreign trade of the United States last year was nearly \$2,000,000,000, including imports and exports. This breaks all records of all nations as long as history has been written.
The United States sold \$193,000,000 worth of breadstuffs abroad last year, an increase of \$6,000,000 over the previous year.

It is estimated by the Census Bureau that a prolonged European war would increase the price of breadstuffs in the United States until bread would become a luxury, even to the residents. America is the greatest wheat-producing nation in the world. The same is true of cotton, these two forming the principal staples of modern commerce, with iron and wool holding a tie for third place.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Black Is Not a Color.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is black a color? B. L.
—Inquiry and Answer in Evening World.

Who'll tell me this in language plain? Won't some kind soul rise and explain?

Black is no color? No. But the negro's black? That's so. But he's a colored man? Agreed? Why, yes! Of such a question there's no need! But red's a color? Right! And the Indian's red? Oh, quite! But he's no colored man? Not he! Just call him one, and then you'll see!

Now that's what's puzzling Me like fun! Red's a color, Black is none. Then why, in the name Of any saint, Is the black man colored And the red man ain't? ED MOTT.